

THE DAILY NEWS.

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RALEIGH, N. C.

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A FALSE CLAIM.

It is claimed, says the Philadelphia Press, that the protective system helps such persons as are actually employed in protected industrial establishments—the workmen in factories, mills, forges and mines. How does it help them? By furnishing employment? There are no imposts at the Custom House on imports of labor. The great army of laborers at home is weekly reinforced by immigrants from abroad. The demand induces a supply, and the supply exceeds the demand. The employer buys his labor, skilled or unskilled, where he can get it cheapest, and he has the whole world to draw from as an open market absolutely without restriction. He is not to be blamed for this. It would be contrary to sound business maxims for him to do otherwise. But the system is to be blamed by which the Government, which should consult the greatest good of the greatest number, actively intervenes by legislation to secure high prices to the employer for his wares, while the employee, who in fact produces them, is left entirely unprotected. High prices do not make and cannot make high wages. Even if they did the workman's gain in the one case would be balanced by his loss in the other. Till wages rise abroad they will not rise here. The American laborer cannot stand out for higher pay than that for which men can be brought into the country. The only possible relief is to be found in bringing down prices through the adoption of a tariff for revenue only, so that he can live upon his present income with more ease, comfort and convenience. He will not get more dollars for a day's work, but he will get as many as he gets now, and they will go a great deal further. Factories, mills, forges, and mines will continue to be operated as they now are; since, though they may not pay so large profits as they do under the tariff guarantee of exorbitant returns on the capital invested in them, they will nevertheless pay sufficiently well to keep them from being closed.

THE NEW YORK Independent advocates social equality between white and black and hopes for the time to come speedily when the difference between the races shall vanish "in the closest and holiest bonds of matrimony." As the owner of the Independent is one of the nastiest of the nasty BRECHER lot, it surprises us by speaking of matrimony as holy. That it seeks to overturn God's laws, does not surprise us. If we disliked, instead of entertaining a real affection for the negro race, we could wish no lower position than that of social equality and matrimonial relations with the owner of the Independent.

THE Western outlook at last is good. The New York Times last evening makes it very plain that Indiana is all right for the Democratic ticket. Three columns are devoted to showing that Chairman BARNUM's visit there and his conference with Messrs. ENGLISH and HENDRICKS have resulted in flooding Indiana with money enough to prevent a free ballot and a fair count. They have bought as many Radicals as were for sale and have bulldozed the balance. What a miserable set of cowards and rascals Radicals must be! They outnumber the Democrats everywhere, but a piece of silver buys or a little lead scares them.

VERMONT elects State officers and Congressmen to-day. The success of the Republicans is not doubted, but they have made a warm canvass in order to obtain a big majority that it may have its effect in Maine. In 1876 the vote of Vermont was Republican 44,092; Democratic 20,254; Republican majority 23,838. In 1878 the Republican candidate for Governor received 20,038 majority over his Democratic competitor, and the Greenback candidate received 2,635 votes. There is a Greenback State ticket in the field again this year, and a Greenback candidate for Congress in the Third District.

THERE is no better evidence of the extreme ignorance of the yankee people than is furnished daily by the New York Times and Tribune, which seek to persuade voters, and to persuade them, to believe that a region is given up to lawlessness which raises this year six million bales of cotton, besides other valuable products, or that black men are systematically robbed, abused and wronged, when black labor produces a large part of these enormous crops year after year.

THE christian and civilized papers received last night from New York contain records of christian and civilized crimes enough to fill THE NEWS for two or three days. There is not a Southern crime in the lot, but plenty of sermonizing to the the South on its lack of christian civilization.

A narrow-gauge railroad, thirty miles in length, is about to be built from the famous Cranberry ore mines, in Mitchell county, N. C., near the Tennessee line, to tap the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia road at Johnson City, a few miles above Jonesboro.

NEW North Carolina four per cent. bonds are quoted in New York at 77 1/2 bid, 80 asked.

A THRILLING TALE.

Scenes Amid the Wreckage.

[By telegraph to the N. Y. Herald, 5th inst.] JACKSONVILLE, FLA., September 4.—Mr. Owen makes a graphic statement for publication concerning the fatal occurrence. Mr. A. K. Owen is a civil engineer of note; is a man of exact mind, and his statements concerning the condition of the ship during and previous to the storm are full of interest. Mr. Owen says:—"The Vera Cruz left New York city at four o'clock p. m. Wednesday, 25th ult., under command of Captain Edwin Van Sice, of the United States and Mexican Mail line, bound for Vera Cruz, Mexico, with 29 saloon passengers. There were also two cabin passengers and two horses on board. The officers and crew comprised fifty-one persons, making eighty-two souls on board. Eleven of those on board only are known to have been saved.

THE CARGO.

"The cargo was assorted class merchandise—the heaviest the ship could carry; vegetables in cases, one car for a Mexican railroad, and barrels of oils and acids being above deck. The cold wave of Wednesday, with the rain, continued, with brisk wind from the northeast Thursday and Friday, but it calmed down at midnight. The ship listed all the way, and at meals it was difficult to keep dishes on the table. Particularly was this the case on Friday, which proved that the storm was increasing. The weather was cloudy, with frequent rain.

CHEERFUL PASSENGERS.

"The passengers, however, at meals were in good cheer, and though the rains drove them from the deck they seemed to enjoy the passage. On Saturday at daybreak fore and aft sails were set, as the wind was then blowing fresh from South-east. At one o'clock p. m. Saturday the captain was heard to remark to Mr. Harris, his first officer, 'I have just noticed that the barometer is falling rapidly. We are going to have a hurricane.' Orders were then given to cut up and throw the car overboard, and also the barrels of oil, cases of acid and cases of vegetables on deck. The real blast of the cyclone struck us on the port bow at about twenty-five minutes to two p. m. Saturday and listed the ship almost on her beam ends. From this time it became next to impossible to walk about without clinging to chairs, tables and other stationary furniture of the cabin, and as all movable objects in the saloon were quickly thrown from port to starboard walking was exceedingly dangerous. The wind was at this time northeast, and the vessel was steering south by east.

FLOODING THE CABIN.

"During the evening three skylights in the main saloon were carried away and the waves poured considerable water into the saloon and staterooms, setting all adrift. By midnight the passengers were generally sitting upon or lying on the floor of the saloon conversing with and assisting each other. Yet good cheer was the rule, and many were the exchanges of wit and humor between them all. The servants, as they passed around them, added to the good feeling. Major General Torbert, United States Army, had been washed out of his stateroom (No. 5), which was the first on the port bow, early Saturday evening. He then came to me in the saloon room No. 27.

GALLANT TORBERT.

"He had been thrown against a table in the afternoon and had cut his right cheek, which troubled him considerably, as it bled freely, but he was in his best and kindest humor, speaking a cheering word here, assisting a man there, and attending to the women and children everywhere. He lay on the saloon floor for a part of the night, but was flooded out, and then came and laid with me, bringing his waterproof, which we threw over us to protect us from the water dripping in from the top and sides. At one o'clock, p. m., the engine room was dry. The drag was put on, but it reversed and was useless. It was not gotten ready until this time and was too small for service, even if in proper order. At two p. m. the ship took a heavy sea and the water cut the fires out, immediately stopping the engines.

PASSING THE BUCKETS.

"The donkey engine then started and was going when the ship sank. The purser came hurriedly below, asking for General Torbert, and said that the Captain had sent him to tell the passengers to come and assist the crew or the vessel would go down. We immediately got up. I went to the deck and to the floor of the engine room, where I assisted to pass the buckets for an hour. Capt. Van Sice was in line near the top passing water while I was there. It was of no use. The sea was continually breaking over the vessel and coming down in large quantities between decks. The donkey engine was working, but not to any purpose. After this I went to the saloon and told General Torbert that we were going to pieces and fast filling, and nothing remained but for us to get life preservers upon the women. General Torbert's face hurt him so that he did not go to pass buckets.

NO EXCITEMENT.

"There was no such thing as excitement on board—even the children were quiet in arranging life preservers, and General Torbert was like a sunbeam, laughing and joking with all while he assisted them. The storm at this time was most terrific. Such waves, wind and rain can never be described. The ship listed to her beam ends at every wave, and it was just possible to crawl from one place to the other. The storm was so thick that we could not see one hundred yards ahead, and the roar of the wind and beating of the rain was like the rattle of musketry. General Torbert and myself were lying in my berth talking and quietly awaiting the worst, when, at twelve minutes past four a. m., a sea broke into the engine room and through the saloon making a crash like a battery of artillery and striking terror for an instant into every one, dashing saloon passengers, tables, doors and the loose furniture together and into water knee deep.

AN ARGUMENT ABOUT LIFE.

"The General came to me immediately after this with Master Wallengren, about nine years old, and said, 'Romeo, you and I must take this little boy and care for him between us.' I allowed that he had but fifteen minutes to live, and argued that it would be mercy to let the little fellow go down with the ship, but the General kindly

insisted, and said, 'I cannot leave the little fellow behind; you and I must save him. Take him until I come back. The next minute the sea came into the saloon more terrifically than ever, filling it waist deep in water and smashing the most of the port side. The little fellow and myself were rolled over among the chairs and tables and I lost him, but he was picked up and brought to his father. I called to General Torbert to come to the deck with me. He said, 'I will go aft and meet you above.' I never saw General Torbert again alive.

BIDDING EACH OTHER GOOD-BY.

"The passengers now crowded into the social hall, which was at the top of the saloon steps. Here they said farewell to each other. We adjusted their life preservers and extended sympathy one to the other. Never before, perhaps, was there a set of passengers so quiet and unexcited under circumstances so appalling. Mr. Alexander Wallengren brought his little boy to me and said, 'Mr. Owen, I will give you \$1,000 in gold if you will take my son and get him to land.' I said no, I did not expect to live five minutes after the ship went down. I told him it would be a mercy to himself and his son to go down as quick as possible. I told him I could see nothing to hope for in a storm like this. I said 'Let us look at it as if our characters on the world's stage were about ended.'

A GIRL'S REQUEST.

"Miss Sadie Fay asked me in her sweetest manner to take care of her, but I said to her and to the others that there was nothing to be done but to stick to the ship until we were washed from her, and then to cling to the fragments as long as possible, and this plan was carried out by every passenger. The captain was seen just before the sea smashed in the port side of the upper decks, at twelve minutes past four a. m., but whether he got excited and jumped overboard or was swept away is not known to any of us.

KILLED IN THE LIFEBOAT.

"Mr. Paris, first officer, the second mate, and one or two more of the crew took to the starboard bow boat and were killed before the boat could get free. Mr. Miller and his engineers stood by the ship till she sunk. The quartermaster, William O'Neal, and a sailor, name unknown, stood at the wheel until the ship sank. The captain never came near the passengers during the storm, nor did he send to inquire into their condition, and it may be sincerely hoped that no other passengers may be left to so thoughtless and indifferent a man. It was 6 o'clock a. m. that the ship went down, breaking in the middle and filling the sea with fragments of stores, trunks and merchandise.

A WRECK STREWN SEA.

"To say there were ten million pieces of wrecked stores all clashing together five minutes after the ship went to pieces, would be gross exaggeration, but even with such a statement no idea could be conceived as to the state of the case. Men, women, children, horses, cats and rats mixed in and went in, through and over this mass. The waves were fifty feet high, not in swells and ridges, but in peaks like sugar loaves. Four peaks beating like surf tore into each other. When we went up on one it was not to go down on the other side, but to be turned over at the top and sent rolling through the air to the opposite one, and so back and forth. This lasted about two or three hours, after which the waves took a more natural character and came in swelling ridges, and we whirled down and over them to the opposite side.

GENERAL TORBERT PICKED UP.

"General Torbert was picked up by Charles Smith, one of the crew, about fifteen minutes after the ship sank. He was then weak and could crawl on the fragments of the wreck only with assistance. When the fragment on which he was, was turned over a minute later, Mr. Smith came up on another piece, and never saw the General again alive. The wind was so terrific that when a plank, raft, box or trunk would reach the top of a wave it was whirled through the air with a force terrible to behold. Among the living and dying I never passed a person who was not bleeding from some wound inflicted by passing fragments, and half of them were dead or dying within fifteen minutes after they took to the waves.

STRUGGLING WOMEN.

"This was most appalling; and sad, indeed, was it to see those heroic women struggling against timbers, waves and fate. I passed Mr. Wallengren and son ten minutes after the sinking. They were about ten yards apart, clinging to different pieces of the wreck, and the little fellow looked as calm and handsome as when playing in the saloon two days before. His father was depressed, but only for his son; no thought of himself entered his head. Would to God that I might have done something for them both. Thus could I tell something about each passenger, but as I did not know their names I cannot enter into details.

IMPRISONED IN THE SHIP.

The stewardess was jammed in the saloon among doors and tables and sank with the ship. She was crying bitterly, and appealed to me for help, when the water poured in upon her like a Niagara. I stood by the mainmast till the water rushed in over the hurricane deck, and then I climbed up the rigging twenty-five feet, and was washed off by the waves. An instant after fragments of the wreck piled in and over me. I was stunned by a blow across my head, cheek and eyes, as I climbed first upon one thing and then upon another. For half an hour I rushed up one mountain of water, then down a piece of the ship, about twenty-five feet long by ten feet wide. Through one window was the head and shoulders of a man, Thomas Gramboel.

CAUGHT IN THE WRECKAGE.

"He asked me to break the frame and get him out, but, as that was impossible, I shoved him down, and he came up through the next opening. We now threw our life preservers and stuck to the fragment of wreck, through thick and thin, for twenty-four hours. During that time we were at least two-thirds under water. In the night we were both completely blind from the salt deposited in our eyes. When we struck the surf, at four o'clock a. m. on Monday, our raft went to pieces and we were turned over as many as six times before coming to the surface.

THE LANDING.

"We were landed at Mr. Botebuh's farm, near Daytona, Volusia county

sixty miles south of St. Augustine and twelve miles north of Mosquito Inlet. Charles Smith, James H. Kelly and Mason Talbot part of the crew of the Vera Cruz landed near us within five miles of each other. Charles Brandenburg and John Greenfield, part of the crew, landed at Mosquito Inlet, while two others of the crew and two passengers are at Smyrna, south of the inlet. Their names were unable to learn. None of the lady passengers were saved, and but three passengers and eight of the crew are known to have been saved out of eighty-two all told.

GEN. TORBERT'S BODY FOUND.

"General Torbert's body was washed ashore at New Britain Monday morning, about six miles above Mr. Botebuh's farm. His body was warm, his heart was beating and the blood was flowing from a wound over the right eye. He had evidently reached the breakers sound and well, and there had been struck by the fragment he was on and stunned so that he drowned before he reached the shore. I went out in a boat after his body, which, when recovered, was buried under the palmetto groves on Mr. Botebuh's farm, on Wednesday morning, at daylight, on the first day of September. The strictness of quarantine regulations did not permit his body to be removed to Milford, Del., where he resided, until November.

TEN MORE WRECKS.

"The dead bodies so far found known to have been on board the Vera Cruz are ten in number, among which were three women. The coast for one hundred miles is strewn with wrecks, and in that distance we know of the loss of two steamers and eight sailing vessels.

France and Her Wines.

[From the New York Times, 4th.]

France has at length become a wine-importing country. Her six and one-half million acres of vineyards are no longer able to supply the home demand. During the past six months of the current year she exported wine to the value of 120,649,000fr., against an importation of 171,314,000fr. In the first six months of the year 1878 her wine exports amounted to 144,710,000fr. and her imports to only 8,022,000fr. Thus, in eight years, from selling to the outside world more than eighteen times as much as she bought of it, she has come to buy more than she sells. The phylloxera has done it. The ravages of this pest have had a melancholy effect upon one of the most extensive and profitable industries in France.

Spain has profited first and most largely by the diminution in French productive-ness. Her export trade in wine has doubled in ten years, and of the 2,500,000 hectolitres which crossed her frontier in 1878, France bought for her own consumption 1,750,000 hectolitres. From Hungary, too, a large supply is drawn, and a lesser quantity from Italy. The French demand for wine is likely to increase rather than otherwise, for the struggle against the phylloxera seems to be hopeless. It defies all the insecticides which the wit of man has thus far devised. The Academy of Sciences is unable to suggest a remedy, and the Government's prize of 300,000fr. for an invention which would stay its ravages remains to be won. The best authorities in France agree that the only resource is to transplant American vines to French soil. The phylloxera will not touch the American vine. But it is admitted that this process will require many years. Meanwhile the area of vine culture is expanding. France already sends in America not only a possible source of supply for her future needs, but a great rival. The foreign wines we drink cost us now about \$4,500,000 annually. In less than twenty years we shall probably drink our own wine almost exclusively, and supply a large demand from abroad.

Waiting for the Baby.

[From the New York Herald, 4th.]

It is safe to say that not for many years has an expected addition to a family called together a crowd such as is now gathering about the apartments of the Queen of Spain. Usually the persons present on such an occasion are privately notified in advance by the lady who provides the entertainment, and being selected for sympathetic purposes, they naturally are of the sex that know how to—in short, they are women. Even the doctor never makes his appearance until summoned by a pattering husband or a galloping messenger. But the invitations to Queen Christina's interesting event have been issued by the Lord Chamberlain, and although the crowd might be exactly to his own liking in case he had any duty like the Queen's to perform, it seems hardly such a party as Her Majesty would have selected had she been consulted. Every member of it is of the gender that is utterly useless on such occasions. Among them are grave diplomats, astute Cabinet officers, saintly prelates and proud nobles; but it would be safe to offer a million to one that not a man of the whole body knows catnip from peppermint, or could give the royal baby its first bath, or knows how to handle the scales so as to be able to assure the expectant father that he had landed a ten-pounder. An't in case of 'twins—a possibility that the Lord Chamberlain, never having been a mother, has entirely overlooked—why, it would be just like the stupid old fellows to mix those babies up and knock the whole question of the Spanish succession into the limbo of eternal uncertainties. And suppose the baby should howl, as most babies have heard in stolid confidence that babies always do as soon as born, just imagine the German Ambassador, or the Minister of Finance, or the Patriarch of the Indies trying to soothe it with, 'Hush, my dear,' or 'By, O baby bunting,' or even 'Hey, diddle, diddle!' Attendants on such occasions are usually expected to be patient and good tempered, but most of those old fellows will want to smoke, which, of course, will not be the proper thing in the Queen's apartments, and if Her Majesty should compel the party to remain a long time, as ladies sometimes do on such occasions, there will be the grossest crowd that Spain has known since the last time she raised her rate of taxation. The whole thing is a mistake. Lord Chamberlain are generally considered old grannies, and Her Majesty undoubtedly wishes that the Spanish functionary on this occasion might be one.

A Chinaman who was looking at an Englishman eating tripe said: "And yet he hates mice!"

THE CHRISTIAN COUNTRY.

Christian and Civilized Ku-Klux.

OHIO'S LATEST LYCHING.

[From the Cincinnati Commercial.]

COLUMBUS, Ohio, Sept. 1, 1880.—Visitors at the State Fair from the northern part of Pickaway county brought to the report this morning that Tom McDaniel had been lynched near Commercial Point last night. Your correspondent took a horse and buggy and drove to the scene of the tragedy, and procured a full history of the matter in which he was launched into eternity. The village is the centre of a fine farming country, which is threaded in all directions by a system of fine woods. The country for miles around, from Darbyville to Mount Sterling, and Bonor's Corners, in Franklin, to Commercial Point, in Pickaway, is populated by the most prosperous class of farmers in Ohio. The roadsides are dotted with brick houses and fine barns, such as are seen in the fine farming country about York, Pa. They are law-abiding and social, and have been happy until the last ten years, during which time Tom McDaniel has terrorized this whole region of country, engaging in all sorts of devilish and diabolical tricks with impunity. His chief passion has been to cut, carve and shoot. His greatest weakness has been for brass-handled pistols and two-edged knives. He came to this country when a lad fourteen years old. His home was formerly at Falmouth, from whence he fled to escape arrest for engaging in a cutting scrape. He knocked around at odd jobs and about ten years ago he began work for Mr. Decker, a large land owner, as a farm hand. He was a fellow of fine address, and at that time was handsome. He beguiled a young daughter of Mr. Decker's—Alice—and ran off with her when she was only sixteen, and was married to her. The elopement created great scandal and excitement in the neighborhood, and the girl's brothers, Boone and Peter Decker, swore they would kill Tom on sight.

Notwithstanding their threats Tom returned in a week from his bridal trip, rode into the Point with his brass pistols and his bride, panting for gore and eager for a fray that would enable him to decimate the Decker heirs, and thus increase his wife's share of her father's vast property. Decker owned 900 acres of land. He set apart about 150 acres for Alice and her husband and built a neat little cottage on the edge of the woods, just to try Tom and see if he would not do better. Tom rewarded his wife's father's confidence by immediately beginning to do worse. He refused to work, and the condition of the outhouses on the farm shows that agriculture was not his forte.

A BRUTAL CAREER.

Shortly after his marriage he attended a wolf hunt at Bloomfield, and on his way through the Point he became offended at Thomas Becket, a dry goods merchant, and getting off his horse, he proceeded to hammer Mr. Becket, a hundred persons standing by afraid to interfere. A bystander finally pulled him off and prevented him from beating Becket with a piece of buggy shaft. Several years ago there was a house-warming near Barron's Tavern, in the southern part of Franklin, and Tom went down without an invitation to help warm the house and the guests. In the midst of the dance he provoked a quarrel by stepping on the toe of a country gentleman who was fastidious enough to object, and, whipping out one of his brass pistols, he began firing into the crowd and brought down a man named Hook Breckenridge by shooting him in the thigh. Tom was not arrested for this eccentric contribution to the evening's entertainment. Later he turned detective and went to arrest a man named Crawford near Mount Sterling, who was charged with throwing stones at a train on the Muskingum Valley, near Washington Court House. He rushed into the room where Crawford was eating a meal, shot him in the face and then arrested him. He was never molested for this little pleasantries by the officers of the law. About a year ago he became enamored of a fair maiden of doubtful repute at the American House, in Darbyville. He never stopped to inquire whether his intentions would be agreeable, but called on her one night when the village was wrapped in slumber, by climbing on a pedler's wagon and going through the window. On the inside he found a gentleman, called a sport, named O. S. Benick, who gave Tom a warm welcome. They fought over the room and stairs until the house was as bloody as a butcher's pen.

His last escapades are numerous and of recent date. A short time since he was taken to Circleville and put in jail for stealing a bicycle. He went to a neighbor's house, hitched his horse to a new buggy and drove off.

Tom's latest ambition has been to thrash the entire population of Commercial Point, and he has threatened after doing this to lay the place in ashes. This spring he was out squirrel hunting with an old-fashioned shot-gun. In firing it a piece of the cap flew into his right eye, which ran to the socket. He paid no attention to it and went about as if nothing had happened. He didn't seem to know what pain was. About a month ago he went into Martin Beaver's place at the Point. Martin runs a grocery and a threshing machine, and is one of the local magnates. He is a magnificent specimen of physical manhood, and a relative of Tom's wife. Tom had taken a dislike to Mart because he would not let him turn everything topsy turvey when he got filled up with liquor. Tom informed him that he meant to shoot him down. Mart did not wait for him to execute his threat, but grappled him, and they fought all over the house, McDaniel getting the worst of it, and Beaver took his pistols from him.

Last Monday Tom played his last act. He entered Beaver's place with a knife in his hand, and announced that he had come to wind up Beaver's mortal career. Beaver grappled him before he could execute his threat, knocked the knife out of his hand, and they had a rough and tumble, pounding and pummeling. Beaver tried to gouge Tom's good eye out, and thus terminate his powers for mischief. A bystander says he had it out two or three times, and tried to pull it out, and it would snap back with a report like a cork flying out of a champagne bottle, and all this time Tom never winced. One man says:—"I have been

in the army, and all over the South, and seen all sorts of characters, but Tom McDaniel was the most desperate and gamest man I ever saw." McDaniel was taken home to the care of his distracted wife, whose devotion never faltered, and under her care, with medical aid, Tom was slowly recovering the use of his only eye.

THE END COMES.

Last night, about half-past eleven, his wife got up to bathe a cloth and lay it on his eye. She had just done this and was closing the door, which had stood open during the hot evening, when about eight armed men appeared and ordered her to leave the room. She complied without asking a word or screaming. She knew the end had come. There was no attempt at disguise. As the wife went out Tom was surrounded in bed, and as he straightened up he said:—

"Boys, are you going to kill me?" There was no reply. His hands were bound and a noose, made out of a halter rope, was slipped over his head and tightened about his neck. He was led out. No, he was dragged out. Eight stout men laid hold of the rope. Not a word was spoken. The programme had been arranged, the tree selected and the leader, with a cocked revolver, bossed the job in silence. They dragged him over a rail fence, over logs, through bushes for about four hundred yards to a little red oak near the road side, where he was strung up. He never spoke after he left the house. This morning the early passers-by were horror-stricken to see the nude body swinging to a limb. It was after eight o'clock before the Justice of the Peace, Squire Beaver, arrived and ordered the body taken down. It was nude except the back of the shirt around the neck and a strip down the back, on which was written the following card in a wretched scrawl:—

Take Notice!—Any or all persons interfering will meet the same fate. We will protect all law-abiding citizens.

VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.

Squire Beaver held an inquest, examining the wife and five other witnesses. The testimony covers the facts given above. The coroner's verdict was, "Death by a person or persons unknown."

The hanging was well done. There was no mob. There were not over twenty persons in the party, and I don't think over ten. Part of them came up the road from Jackson and the remainder from the Point. They met at the gate on the Decker farm, under the shadow of the tree where he was hanged. The limb on which he was hanged was picked out by a committee some weeks ago.

The vigilantes had made two efforts to hang him before, but when they called at the house he was never at home, and they disguised their mission so as not to arouse suspicion.

After the terrible fight of Monday the vigilantes were called together, at a place the correspondent could name (if he wanted to be hanged), about a mile from town, and it was resolved to terminate Tom's career September 18, 1880.

While eating dinner I talked to Mrs. Beaver, Martin's wife. To illustrate the terror in which people lived, I gave her statement. She said:—"I have not slept for four weeks. I have not gone to bed in that time that I did not expect to find our house in flames before morning. His death is a relief."

THE DEN OF THE WOLF.

After dinner I drove down to the house. I found a lot of men sitting under the trees in their shirt sleeves, laughing and chatting. Passing under the shed, I saw his wife sitting with a number of women in the front room. No tears such as are usually seen when death has taken away the head of a family. The wife is young and handsome, with eyes as deep as wells, and full to the brim with a sorrow that tells of years of heartache. As I talked to her she made no complaint of the awful taking off her husband. By her side stood a bright girl child of six years, the oldest daughter of the dead and her. The child was a stranger to tears, and to her such a dead father seemed not a subject for grief. I passed into a rude wing of the house, and in a far room found the flies keeping watch over the dead. The body lay wrapped in a bed sheet. The head was a fine one, a high, retreating forehead that evinced brains; a thick black neck denoting the brute, and a deep, mighty chest that a Hercules might have been proud of. The face was bruised and discolored. The blind eye was sunken. The gouged eye was puffed out, blue and discolored; the tongue, almost bitten to, protruded between the teeth, black and decomposed. A dark line about the neck showed where the rope had done its ghastly work. The body presented a frightful appearance. The chest was literally skinned. The left nipple had been torn off the breast, the scars, scratches and bruises indicate the horrible and brutal treatment he had received before being hanged. He was buried at 5 o'clock, people flocking to the funeral from miles around.

In the Skies.

[From the New York World.] On the 25th of September will occur the perihelion of Jupiter. That giant planet then reaches his nearest point to the sun, and is also within a few days of his opposition or nearest point to the earth. Jupiter comes at that epoch 46,000,000 miles nearer the great central orb. He is then, however, more than 450,000,000 miles from the sun, fortunately far enough away to counteract and mollify the increased force of attraction between two such mighty masses. It is safe to feel that the Rubicon of Jupiter's perihelion is passed, for the 21 days yet to be completed count as nothing in a revolution requiring nearly 11,000 of our days, or 32 of our years. Nearly 12 years must pass before the conditions will again be as favorable for observation. Jupiter comes beaming above the eastern horizon about 8 o'clock, bright enough to cast a shadow and afford a glimpse of his moons through a good opera-glass. Nothing can be more interesting than to study the phases of the four diamond points of light that bear witness to the presence of Jupiter's moons. Jupiter turns on its axis in about ten hours, so that an observer on his equator would be carried round at the rate of nearly 500 miles a minute instead of the 17 miles that mark the comparatively moderate progress made by an inhabitant at the earth's equator. Jupiter rises now about 8; at the end of the month the rising will be about 6. The September moon falls on the 18th. It is the harvest moon.

New York Court Scene.

[Herald Reports.]

A SLIGHT MISCONCEPTION.

A bandy-legged colored man in a napless straw hat and an army overcoat came into the Tombs Police Court yesterday and said he would like to be committed to some charitable institution.

"My legs ain't limber as dey used to be," said he to the magistrate. "I've got along wif 'em, too, but I'd manage 'em if 'twan't fo' de rheumatics."

"Samson Potter," said his Honor when he had learned the applicant's name, "you don't look much like a deserving invalid. There are marks of dissipation about your face I do not like; and there is an aroma of beer kegs and coal boxes about you that suggests many days of loafing on the corners."

"You're wrong, Judge, you're wrong, honey. I'm no street nigger at all. I jes in from Pokespie."

"Oh, you are?" said the magistrate. "Then that settles it. You must go to Poughkeepsie, where you belong. There's no appropriation to keep you here."

Samson Potter suddenly picked up his ears and looked uneasy. "Wot's dat you say 'bout 'proppriashun'?" he asked, quite eagerly.

"I say that on account of the amount of the appropriation we cannot keep you here."

The darky scratched his head slowly and then inquired with some hesitation, "Who 'proppriated' anything?"

"That's just what the trouble is," said his Honor. "It is on account of what has been appropriated that I can't let you stay."

"Jes wot I was a thinkin'," growled the applicant. "Nothin' would do dat nigger Si Thompson but to come bickin' 'bout me 'proppriat' dem chickens. Jes because dey sor me loafin' aroun' de lanes and found de fiddlers in de back yard. Dat's all. Who 'proppriated' anything, I like to know?"

THOROUGH REFORMATION.

